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**LOUISIANA.**  
**ARE REPUBLICANS SAFE?**  
**WHO ARE THE MURDERERS?**

NEW ORLEANS, April 28, 1875.

A friend writes me from the North this question, "Are white and black Union men safe in life, liberty and property in Louisiana? That is the question which we of the North want to have honestly and seriously answered."

I answer:—First, the population of Louisiana is divided politically into republicans, called here radicals; and democrats, called here conservatives. They are all Union men. It is absurd and wicked to keep up the old war animosity by giving to the Southern republicans the special title "Union men." The republican party in Louisiana contains a great many men who were bitter secessionists, not only during, but after the war. One of the most conspicuous republicans, who came before the Congressional Committee with complaints, and who was proved there and then by documentary evidence to be a rogue. Judge Myers, of Natchitoches, was a Breckenridge democrat before the war. Another, Green, who admitted that he and his sons held pretty much all the offices in Lincoln parish, made a speech in the Legislature after the war advocating payment for slaves. I could mention dozens of such cases. On the other hand, in my limited acquaintance in the State, I know at least fifteen Northern men, who were strenuous republicans in the North, most of whom still openly act with the National republican party in federal elections, but who vote and use all their influence for the democratic or conservative party in State and local affairs. There are hundreds of such men in the State. Even the republicans themselves are not so absurd as to arrogate to themselves the title of "Union men." They would be laughed at.

**THE NORTHERN MEN AND NEGROES SAFE.**

What my correspondent, and no doubt many other Northern men, want to know is whether Northern men and negroes are safe and can get security and justice in Louisiana; and to this I reply, unhesitatingly, "Yes." It is perfectly true, as I said in a previous letter, that between 1865 and 1868 there was a good deal of savage and brutal wrong inflicted on the blacks; and in the same period, and probably for a year or two later, Northern men who came here to take possession of the State politically, and who at once began a prodigious system of public plunder, were not always safe from the anger and resentment of the native whites. But several of the most prominent republicans of the city have told me positively that the State was peaceable and quiet from 1868 to 1872, and that since then the whites had been dissatisfied mainly because they believed sincerely that Kellogg was not fairly elected Governor and that his rule was that of a usurper. If General Sheridan ever turns in his famous list of 2,600 murders, and if he puts dates to them, it will be found that the political murders happened before 1868, with the exception of the Coushatta and Oulfa affairs. Myers, the corrupt Judge who claims to have been driven out of Natchitoches parish, assured me that that parish was one of the most quiet in the State until 1874, when he and a swindling tax collector were driven out.

**AN UNHAPPY PARISH.**

This parish has become so notorious as the most unruly in the State that I have taken some pains to ascertain the facts; because there, if anywhere, persecution of Northern men and negroes would be found. Now, then—first, an official report, properly authenticated, of the murders committed in this parish from 1868 to 1875 lies before me. They number forty-one, and of these there were whites murdered by whites, 13; colored murdered by colored, 13; whites by colored, 4; colored by whites, 3; whites by unknown persons, 3; colored by unknown, 1; colored by officers of justice in serving process, 3; Indian by a white man, 1. Now somebody may object that the record is not correct, but to that the reply is that the parish has been almost continually since 1868 under Republican officers and that the Coroner is reputed here as elsewhere, to be an officer very zealous in

the collection of fees. It is not creditable to the republican rule, that for these 41 homicides not one man has been hanged, and only one has been punished in any way. I should add that there is no evidence that any of these murders arose out of political causes.

Now, then, consider that the parish had for years a corrupt judge and a thieving tax collector, who managed to get all his sons into offices, and a police jury (county supervisor) made up mainly of illiterate negroes. Governor Kellogg, in 1874 appointed as police jurors three colored men who could neither read nor write, one white man of infamous character, whom even his fellow republicans doubtly protested against, and one decent white man. Under such rulers the parish tax, which amounted to \$13,475, with a valuation of \$8,000,000 in 1860, rose to \$46,894, on a valuation of but \$2,000,000 in 1869, \$54,902 in 1870, and in 1873 it rose to \$82,207. This was the parish tax alone, exclusive of the State tax. The Supervisors allowed themselves one year fifty cents a mile mileage for every time they met. They paid out \$1,500 for a bridge which could have been built for \$300, and gave the contractor a privilege to levy toll upon it for his own use when it was built. The Parish Judge, Myers, acknowledged before the Congressional Committee that he had for two years retained \$7,500 of parish money in his possession, in violation of an order of a District Court to return it to the Treasury; he refused repeatedly to draw juries, in order to shield his confederates; and yet this person was appointed by Governor Kellogg, District Judge, a higher office. The people formed a taxpayers' association and warned Myers and one of his confederates, the Tax Collector Bout, to leave the parish. The sons of Bout to-day hold offices in the parish, but none of them were killed. Myers and Bout walk about freely in New Orleans and are not molested; but they tell fearful stories of intimidation and danger to their lives, and call themselves "Union Men." The Taxpayers' Association was composed of republicans as well as democrats, and had among its members 200 negroes. Myers calls it a white league, of course, and talks intimidation of republican voters, but the official returns of the registration and election show these figures:—The parish had by the census of 1870 7,312 whites and 10,929 blacks. Of these one in five and a half blacks registered as a voter and only one in seven and a half of the whites in 1874, the year of the disturbance. Of the 3,665 who registered 3,131 actually voted, and the republicans carried the parish by 315 majority. It was shown that many negroes voted with the conservatives, and many others stayed at home, because they were disgusted with the theft of the school fund.

**A TERRIBLE PARISH.**

I have taken Natchitoches as an example, because it has an especially evil reputation. Contrast with this parish in which the republicans have given the people an honest and economical government, and where there has been no disturbance. There are but four or five honestly governed parishes in the State. I happen to be well informed about one of these, Texas, like Natchitoches, a cotton planting country, and with a large preponderance of negroes. There has never, since 1868 been any disturbance in Texas, nor any pretense of intimidation. Here is the story since 1868:—The republicans who came into it from the North happened to be honest and sensible men. Their leader was General Steel, now Asst. Attorney General of the State, and an able man. They purchased some of the most substantial of the old residents to take parish offices. They took care to put always three prominent whites and two colored men on the police jury. The parish judge had a Confederate officer, and is a capable man and a property holder in the parish. They have always persuaded the negroes to elect such men to the local offices. Texas had, in 1870, 1,400 whites and 11,018 blacks. With economical management they have extinguished since 1868 a debt of \$100,000, contracted for levees before the war, paying off \$430,000 of it. The rest was proved fraudulent in the courts. The parish has good roads, bridges, thirty schools, four graded schools—two for each color, it has money in the treasury; its assessment is very low; the courts are respected, the laws are enforced, peace obtains; even stock stealing has been put down. Meantime, the Northern men have not ceased to be republicans nor have they given up their share of the offices. The State Senator and Representative and some of the local officers are Northern men and republicans. The negroes are satisfied, and when once some drunken ruffians, from a neighboring county threatened to come in and attack the Northern men, the largest meeting of whites ever assembled in the country promptly gathered, and sent word to the rowdies that they would be shot

down if they showed their faces in the parish.

Surely the story of these two parishes tells the reason why discontent and sometimes disorder are found in parts of Louisiana. "It is not the radicals, but the thieves, that we hate and oppose," said more than one conservative to me. And I believe it to be all the truth. I have not time to wander all over the State; but I have examined every case where I have heard of complaints of especial hostility to republicans, and in every case I have found that there had been gross and long continued misgovernment, extravagance, denial of justice and tolerance of disorder by the courts. I was told for instance, that Madison parish was not a pleasant place for a republican. Very well. I find in four years—from 1868 to 1872—the reconstructors ran up a debt in this parish of over \$142,000. This parish had, in 1870 by the census, only 936 white persons. It registered in 1874 only 255 white voters and 2,135 blacks. The few whites were, of course, the owners of almost all the property. Such monstrous mismanagement, borne by so few taxpayers, might very well create ill-feeling and strife; but the parish gave, in 1874, 1,614 republican majority, and the vote ran but fifty five short of the registration. Intimidation is, of course, out of the question.

**LOUISIANA MURDERS.**

In the North we have heard so much about murders that I was very glad to get hold here of some parish statistics on this subject. The State government, which has almost entirely neglected to punish murderers—being too busily engaged in officiating—has, of course, no such official returns of crime as it ought to possess. I have been able to obtain returns, chiefly made by county clerks and coroners, from only thirteen parishes, not counting Plaquemine, which I have before given. From 1868 to 1875 there have been in these thirteen parishes 313 murders. Of these ninety-three were of whites by whites, 143 were of colored by colored, thirty-two colored by whites, three colored by officers of justice, five colored by persons unknown, seven whites by unknown, five whites by mobs and five colored by mobs. The State has fifty-seven parishes. Most of the thirteen of which I have given returns have a population nearly equally divided between white and black, and I suspect the figures give more than an average number of murders of whites by whites and less than the average of murders of blacks by blacks. Plaquemine, for instance, not counted in the above list, registered, in 1874, 510 white and 2,160 black voters, and there I found that there had been since 1868, 33 murders, of which 31 were of blacks by blacks. There is good evidence for the statement that the large majority of murders in the State in the last six years are of blacks by blacks, instigated by whiskey and jealousy. The negroes drink less whiskey this year than two or three years ago, when they were getting much higher wages; but their demand for it is so strong that I find the planters generally sell it to them in the little plantation stores, having discovered that if they did not their hands would be running off elsewhere to get it, or some negro would peddle it in the cabins. The plantation negroes commonly carry a razor as a concealed weapon, and absurd as this seems as a weapon of attack, they inflict serious and often fatal wounds with it. The razor seems to be their favorite weapon elsewhere also, for I found it so in Delaware. They take it to probably because it is the cheapest weapon with a keen edge.

It is not only a fact that crime has not been punished in the State under the republican rule—neither crime against the person nor against property—but there is great complaint that the pardoning power has been abused. I have found but one return on the subject, which shows certainly a liberal use of this prerogative. From January 1, 1873, to March 5, 1874, Governor Kellogg pardoned thirteen murderers—almost one a month—besides six men convicted of manslaughter. The whole number of persons during this period was eighty-four, and among the offenses thus condoned are poisoning, rape, shooting into a dwelling, burglary, assault with intent to kill, perjury and bribing wit-nesses. Now when society is said to be by Governor Kellogg in a disordered state and when he himself acknowledges, as he did to me, that crime is not generally punished, surely it is not a serious error to pardon with so free a hand persons convicted of such grave and dangerous crimes as I have mentioned. It cannot fail to increase disorder. Unhappily it cannot bring the courts into greater contempt than their general corruption and inefficiency all over the State, and from the lowest to the highest, have already brought upon them.

**LOUISIANA PACEFUL.**

To return to the question of my

Northern friend, Louisiana is at peace. I doubt if there is a single man within its borders who does not sincerely call himself a Union man. The people universally accept the Union—nothing is more certain than this. Also, there is no disposition here to enslave the negro. The planters have discovered that free labor is far more economical than slavery. Everywhere planters have already demonstrated to me the profitability of free labor, and acknowledge that all their fears of disorganization proved groundless. The bitterest democrat I have met in the State said to me, "We are fortunate in one thing which I little expected at the close of the war; we have the best laboring force in the world." He went on to tell me that before the war he had often to pay, for extra hands which he hired, from \$160 to \$200 a year, two suits of clothing, rations and medicine. Now he pays \$13 to \$15 per month and a ration. "And they work just about as well, except when some accursed politician comes up from New Orleans with a brass band and sends word, as was done last fall, that General Butler ordered them all to turn out to a political meeting." One of the hopeful signs is that I have not heard a single man in the State speculate about "the future of the negro." That sort of nonsense has disappeared. Nor have I anywhere found the negro shy of speaking his mind on political subjects. I laughed at a planter only last evening, who told me how well his hands worked on a system of shares in the crop, of which I shall speak in another letter, and how faithful and servicable they were. He said, "But the scamps all voted against me at the last election." "I'm glad of it," he added, "for I could not have refused them anything if they asked it they had voted for me, and it saved me probably \$500, for they know how to ask a favor for a favor."

**THE ONLY SOURCE OF DISORDER.**

I do not exaggerate when I say that the only cause of disorder in the State lies in the corruption and inefficiency of the State and parish governments. The compromise is accepted by an overwhelming majority of the conservative party in good faith. The people hope for an improvement in the administration and are willing to give the Governor and the other rulers a fair trial. Even Marshal Packard tells me the State is at peace. It has, as ever Southern, and for that matter, every Northern State has, a proportion of lawless and ruffianly persons. This class is not numerous, but is composed of idlers, drunkards and braves, who go armed; and when a community is excited they are ready to commit outrages, not only on blacks, but on whites, even on each other. I was touched by the remark of an elderly man from a remote parish. He said:—"The State government and the courts and officers it gives us are so inefficient that we have to deal with these ruffianly young men ourselves. I have more than once taken my life in my hand to preserve the peace, when the Sheriff was too cowardly or inefficient to do his duty. We have not had a murderer punished in our parish in five years, except one, and he was pardoned out of the Pontentary. We live near the Texas line, and desperate men come and go as disorderly people we deserve praise that we have kept as good order as we have, when the Governor has time and again appointed corrupt and inefficient officers, and when, in fact society has had to be maintained against the abuses and inefficiency of the government by the private effort of the good citizens." This man spoke the truth. It is a solemn and undeniable fact that the republican rulers of Louisiana have disorganized society, instead of protecting the good citizens. The only danger to the peace of Louisiana to-day lies in the corruption and inefficiency of her rulers, who call themselves republicans and have thus gained the countenance of the Northern republican party and the support of the federal administration. These men have committed a great crime against the country, the greatest crime which civilized men can commit for their misdeeds struck a blow at the very foundations of society here; they have corrupted the public morals, they have degraded and debauched the negroes, whom they were sent to lead into the exercise of citizenship; and, surveying the story of their misrule, I am constrained to say that their plunder of the State, monstrous as it has been, is the least of their offenses, because it is a graver crime to debauch and demoralize a State than to steal its treasure.

**CHARLES BORDHORE.**

The "Roundabout" man of the Courier-Journal says, the Sultan of Turkey, was 500 wives, and yet he is not happy. If he were to discharge the whole harom, and live like a bachelor, he might be comparatively contented.

**Louisiana and New-Hampshire.**

On the 4th of January last, the Legislature of Louisiana was organized by a coup d'etat, then dispersed and then reorganized by Federal bayonets. This action set not only the State but the whole United States by the ears.

Affairs in the South, however, had long been so muddled that even this spectacle of a Legislature divided against itself, and a consequent change in the government, caused no great surprise. But who dreamed, even then, that a somewhat similar scene would soon be witnessed in the North, and more than that, in one of the New England States? But the telegraph on Wednesday transmitted the following despatch:

CONCORD, N. H., June 2.—The Legislature met to-day; great excitement; twelve Senators elected; President of the Senate, receiving 7 Democratic votes; Republicans declined to vote. Five Republicans then withdrew in a body. The Senate then completed the organization under Democratic auspices. The succeeding Senators met elsewhere, and made a temporary organization. The House is balloting for speaker. The entrances to the Capitol are guarded by police.

Radicalism is reaping upon the North, as curses, like cholera, come home to roost, and we hope the North will soon get as sick of it as we are. The New Hampshire embargo contains several features similar to that in Louisiana. A Legislative election, a returning board, a counting out of members of one party and counting in of members of another, by which the political complexion of the Legislature is changed, and the withdrawal of the minority are the seeds of discord in both cases. The facts in the Louisiana affair are known; we will now give a summary of the causes of the New Hampshire disturbance.

The law requires a majority of votes to elect, not a mere plurality. At the last election Nathaniel Head was republican candidate in one of the Senatorial Districts. Many votes were cast for "Nat" Head, and these being counted for Nathaniel, the democratic candidate did not receive a majority. But it appears that by the election laws of that State the full christian name of every candidate must be given, or the vote is considered a blank. The canvasses of election, consisting of the Governor and his council, four democrats and one republican, threw out the votes for "Nat" Head, and then declared his opponent elected. The republican member of the council thereupon resigned.

In another district, sixty-four votes were cast for a candidate who was ineligible, and these votes being thrown out, the democratic candidate, who before had a plurality, was declared to have received a majority of the votes cast, and his election was declared. This changed the complexion of the Senate, whereas the republicans became highly indignant and threatened revolution. The result is given in the despatch above quoted. The case will be brought before the courts for a decision, unless Grant prefers to send Sheridan to settle the question *et cetera*. It is claimed that the votes were in fact morally entitled to the seat. But on the other hand, there is an explicit law on the subject declaring that improperly declared written ballots cannot be counted. The canvasses therefore acted in accordance with the law.

It is ludicrous to see the republican party, that has so long raved over the democrats and the people generally, compelled to adopt the tactics of a minority, and *secundo*. The five aggrieved Senators comprising the full strength of the republican party, retiring from the State House in a body, must have presented an imposing spectacle. And the overwhelming number of seceding democrats who thus bullied a weak adversary, ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. This embargo is a temper in a tea-pot. Any state that has only twelve Senators ought to be prevented from annoying the public by its petty quarrels. We shall await the result with interest.

We hear that suit is to be brought against Leslie for \$210,000, which, it is alleged, he has never accounted for in the land commission business; also, that affidavits have been made against him for fraudulent practices during the recent election in Barnwell county, and that an indictment has been prepared against him for riot. The "irrepressible" will have plenty of business on hand should he conclude to return from New York.—*Union Herald.*

**The Tomb of the Holy Prophets.**

Once upon a time there was a great Sheikh Ali, a holy man, who kept a holy tomb of an ancient prophet. The tomb was on a hill, under a big oak tree, and the dome could be seen for miles around. Lamps were kept burning day and night in the tomb, and if any one extinguished them they were miraculously lighted again. Men with sore eyes came to visit it, and were cured. The earth around the tomb was carried off to be used as medicine. Women came and tied old rags on the limbs of the tree, as was the custom of the prophet. Nobody knew the name of the prophet, but the tomb was called "Kobi on Nebi," or "Tomb of the Prophet." A green cloth was spread over the tomb under the dome, and incense was sold by the Sheikh to those who wished to heal their sick, or drive out evil spirits from their houses. Pilgrims came from afar to visit the holy place, and its fame extended over all the land. Sheikh Ali was beginning a rich man, and all the pilgrims kissed his hand and begged his blessing.

Now, Sheikh Ali had a faithful servant named Mohammed, who had served him long and well. But Mohammed was weary of living in one place and asked permission to go and seek his fortune in distant parts. So Sheikh Ali gave him his blessing, which he had for many years; that he might ride upon a donkey, and that Mohammed, thus provided, set out on his journey. He went through cities and towns and villages, and at last came out on the mountains east of Jordan, in a desert place. No village or house was seen as night came on. Hungry, tired and discouraged, poor Mohammed lay down by his donkey on a great pile of stones and went to sleep. In the morning he awoke, and, alas! his donkey was dead. He was in despair; but his kindly nature would not let the poor brute lie there to be devoured by jackals and vultures, so he piled a mound of stones over its body and sat down to weep. While he was thus weeping, a wealthy Hajji, or pilgrim, came along on his return from Mecca. He was surprised to see a man alone in this wilderness, and asked him why he was weeping. Mohammed replied: "O Hajji, I have found the tomb of a holy prophet, and I have vowed to be its keeper; but I am in great need." The Hajji thanked him for the news, and dismounted to visit the holy place, and gave Mohammed a rich present. After some time, Mohammed hastened to the nearest village and bought provisions, and then returned to the holy prophet's tomb. The Hajji spread the news, and pilgrims thronged to the spot with rich presents and offerings. As money came in, Mohammed brought masons and built a costly tomb, with a tall white dome that could be seen across Jordan. He lived in a little room by the tomb, and soon the miraculous lights began to appear in the tomb at night, which Mohammed had kindled when no one was near. He increased in fame and wealth, and the prophet's tomb came to be regarded as one of the greatest shrines of the land.

At length Sheikh Ali heard of the fame of the new holy place in the desert, and, as his own visitors began to fall off, decided to go to himself and gain the merit of a visit to the tomb of that famous prophet. When he arrived there with his rich presents of green cloths, succumb and money, he bowed in silence to pray toward Mecca, when suddenly he recognized in the holy keeper of the tomb his old servant, Mohammed.

"Salam alykoom!" said Sheikh Ali.  
"Alykoom es salam!" replied Mohammed.  
When the Sheikh asked him how he came here, and how he found this tomb, Mohammed replied:  
"This tomb is a great secret, of mystery, and I am forbidden to utter the secret."  
"But you must tell me," said Sheikh Ali, "for I am a father to you."  
Mohammed refused and Ali insisted, until at length Mohammed said:  
"My honored Sheikh, you remember having given me a donkey. It was a faithful donkey; and when he died I buried it. This is the tomb of that donkey."  
"Mashallah! Mashallah!" said Sheikh Ali, "The will of Allah he done!"

Then they ate and drank together, and renewed the memory of their former life; and then Mohammed said to Sheikh Ali:  
"My master, as I have told you the secret of my prophet's tomb, I wish to know the secret of yours."  
"Impossible!" said Ali, "for that is one of the ancient mysteries, too sacred to be mentioned by mortals lips."  
"But you must tell me, even as I told you."  
At length the old Sheikh Ali stroked his snowy beard, adjusted his white turban, and whispered to Mohammed: "And my holy prophet's

tomb of that donkey's father."

"Mashallah!" said Mohammed; "may Allah bless the beard of the holy donkeys!"  
This story is told by Dr. Jessup, long a missionary in Syria.

**The Organ on Sherman.**

General Sherman's Memoirs will serve no good purpose so far as he is personally concerned. The answers and criticisms its publication have provoked are very generally based upon the declaration that while he commanded some of the best troops in our armies he never won a battle except when opposed by inferior numbers.—*Washington Republican.*  
The same may be said of every Federal General. The contrary can be said of none of them.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

After the Federal Generals are through with their wrangling, the impartial historian will sum up that had the North possessed the resources of the South, the war would have been settled in six months.—*Constitutionalist.*

**One Question too New.**

During a class meeting held by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there a man notorious for his endeavor to serve God on the Sabbath, and Satan the rest of the week, he said: "Well, Brother Diok, I am glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Diok?"  
"No, no, Brother Jones, no turkeys."  
"Nor chickens, Brother Diok?"  
"No, no, Brother Jones, no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Diok! That's doing well, my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Diok, who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief, "If he'd said ducks, he'd 'a' had me."

Five men, who were arrested by Internal Revenue Collector Carpenter's officials, charged with illicit whiskey distilling, in Pickens, were carried before the United States Commissioner, when four of them gave bail for their appearance at the next term of Court; the fifth took bail from the Commissioner's office, and has not yet been heard of. After the release of the prisoners, they received information which led them to believe that a neighbor had informed upon them, when they fell upon him and beat so severely that his life is despaired of.—*Phenix.*

Ex-Senator Carpenter writes to the Milwaukee News about the "clamor" over his appearance as counsel for the whiskey ring. He is practicing law now, he says, and "I shall therefore, accept the duty of defending such persons, charged with any offense, as may wish to employ me, whether charged with larceny, perjury, forgery, murder or treason; and my present impression is—though I should want more time to consider it—that I should even defend an editor sued for libel."

An English journal notes the singular coincidence that Mr. Michael Levy, the leading publisher of Paris, and Mr. John Harper, the leading publisher of New York, died on the same day. Another coincidence is that Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Bright, whom he succeeded as the presiding officer of the Senate, died almost at the same time.

**Erie.**

The collapse of the Erie Railway Company is simply the inevitable result of fraud, chicanery and bad faith. It only antedates a still more atrocious swindle called Reconstruction.

A Milwaukee boy has swallowed half a dozen steel buttons, and his mother doesn't have to scream for him when he is out on the street playing with those Gluckerson boys. She just brings a magnet to the door, and he flies to it like a needle to the pole.

San Francisco claims to have over \$40,000,000 permanently invested in manufactures. The annual value of the products is estimated at \$63,500,000.

The ladies of Texas are endeavoring to collect money for the purpose of purchasing a home for Jefferson Davis in that State and presenting it to him.

Measures are to be taken by the Kentucky Legislature to restore the tomb of General Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, which has gone to ruin.

The turpentine distillery of Mr. James Norton, at Mullins, Williamsburg County, was destroyed by fire on the 25th inst.